THE Lady GRAY VINDICATED:

Being an Anſwer to a Popiſh Pamphlet, ENTITULED

A True Relation, of a ſtrange Apparition that appeared to the Lady *GRAY*, commanding her to deliver a Meſſage to his Grace the Duke of *MONMOUTH.*

WOnder not that I call it a Popiſh Pamphlet, ſince it's ſuch a ſweet ſmelling Sacrifice in the Noſtrils of every Roman Catholick, and ſo very acceptable to all Abhorrors. A Man would think that *Caryl*, or *L'Eſtrange*, or *Duffy*'s Finger was in this Pye, be who he will that wrote it, the beſt Encomium he merits is

Monſtrum horrendum, informe.

In his lying Pamphlet, he writes, I ſhall give you a true and perfect Relation, according to her own Depoſition before Juſtice *Ware*, Sir *W. Waller*, Mr. *Baxter*, and Mr. *Carlton*, who he ſays ſtampt with his wooden Leg, and ſwore Damn him he believed it; Know that this true Relation is nothing but an abſolute Fiction, compos'd I fancy by the ſame Hand that writ old *Stafford*'s Speech. Satan's Kingdom is like to be deſtroyed, the Whore of *Babylon* is ready to turn up her Heels, and quit the Proteſtant Borders; and now wonder not, if *Belzebub* be more than ordinary induſtrious to ſend his Truſtees to ſecure his Intereſt, if either wicked Wit or Diabolical Art can draw off your Affections from the Duke of *Monmouth*, the Earls of *Shaftsbury*, *Eſſex*, *&c.* what the Preſs bluſhes to ſee by day, ſhall be printed by the Devil at Night, ſo eager is he to indulge the Roman Crew.

He tells you on the 29*th* of *January*, the Lady being alone in her Cloſet, ſhe heard this Apparition call her, *Sweet Heart*, which ſoon appeared to her in the ſhape of a bright Star, and blew Garter, and ſaid, *that the* 15th *day of* May *is appointed for the Royal Blood to be poyſoned, but be not afraid*, ſaid it, *for I am ſent to tell thee that* James *Duke of* Monmouth, *hath none of it in him.*

By this you may gueſs of what Religion the Ghoſt had been, and if you give way to the Truth of the Apparition (which no honeſt Man dare do, nor none but Knaves and Papiſts will do) you may eaſily gueſs that it was *Stafford*'s Ghoſt. But the Ghoſt was more impudent than the Devil, to ſay his Grace had not a drop of Royal Blood in him. Say he was not a Son lawfully begotten, yet you dare not ſay without bluſhing, that he had not a Royal Father; and ſurely that Royal Father, kept not all his Royal Blood to himſelf, when he begot him. But what dare you not ſay, nay what will you not ſwear, you that will *Ridicule* the Plot, and ſwear the five Jeſuits died Martyrs, will by the Dictates of the ſame Religion ſwear, that *James* Duke of *York*, has more right to the Crown, than King *Charles* the Second, and that the Pope has more right to it than them both.

That which this Man (or rather this Devil) drives at in his feigned Apparition

rition, is, to leſſen the Honour of the Duke of *Monmouth*, and eccliſpe the Modeſty of a vertuous Lady; but alas! ſuch villanous Practices as theſe make them ten times more glorious than they are. God makes the ſame uſe of ſuch Devils as this is, as Jewellers do of black Foyles, to make their Diamonds look with a better Luſtre. The Moon lends never the worſe Light, for the Dogs barking at it. It will not be in your Power to abate the Luſtre of that bright Star you mention, till you have ruined One brighter than He. God preſerve the King, and the Proteſtant Religion, and that Star ere long, I hope, will appear more glorious than ever: and then, *Sweet-Heart*, you may be glad of a Cloſet to hide your ſelf in.

As to the Maid of *Hatfield*, if thou knoweſt her to be no Maid, thou knoweſt more (it may be) than ſhe her ſelf; and I ſhall ſay as little to her Apparition: It may be a Miſtake in her, and it may not; I know there are falſe Spirits, as well as falſe Prophets, but none more falſe than thine.

In thy ſecond Paragraph, the Spirit ſeems to ask the Lady theſe following Queſtions: *If ſhe remembred what it ſaid before?* She ſaid, *Yes: Do you believe it?* and ſhe ſaid, *Yes: Have you told it?* and ſhe ſaid, *No:* Then ſaid the peeviſh Spirit, *Tell it the D. of* M. *from me, and bid him not go to* Wapping. As to the Lady's Anſwers to the feigned Spirit's Queſtions, I dare be bold to anſwer thee, that ſhe has a due Eſteem for the D. of *M.* and ſo have the moſt part of the honeſt Lords, and the vertuous Ladies in the Kingdom. And tho Knaves and Fools labour to beſpatter him, yet know, that his Star never ſhined half ſo bright yet, as I believe his Honour and Reputation will ſhine hereafter. As to this *Wapping*-Buſineſs, let the Tarpawlins there give thee an Anſwer, when thou dareſt write, *Scriptum per me*, at the tail on't.

In the third, the Popiſh Apparition bids the Lady tell *James* D. of *M.* — but is preſently interrupted by her, it ſeems, with a, *Don't you ſee him? Tell him your ſelf, we are all alone.* A ſign thy Spirit, as thy Judgment, is blind: If the Spirit had eyes to ſee the way thither, methinks it ſhould not have wanted them, to have ſeen a white Star on a black Suit. But this may paſs with a Papiſt, who knows Infallibility belongs to their Family.

February the 2*d*, it ſeems it was heard again, and talked inviſibly to her, and prated as incoherently to her, as thou doſt to Sence and Reaſon, viz. *Bid* James *D. of* M. *go to the Tower, and venture the Lion, old* Charles *won't hurt him.* — No, I hope old *Charles* hath more Wit than to hurt him, and I believe young *Charles* has more Grace. Then it bade tell him, *That he has diſcovered the Weakneſs of his Party, in petitioning but with Fifteen after him.* Tho but fifteen went, know, *Gaffer Lack-Wit*, that there will not be wanting fifteen times fifteen thouſand, to petition the King for the Subjects Right, when an occaſion requires it. This is a true, but a dreadful Story to ſuch Popiſh Villains as thou ſeemeſt to be. Then ſaid thy inviſible Spirit, *Bid all the Lords you know have a care of Petitioning, unleſs they are diſobliged.* — *Tell my Lord* Stamford, *his Wife keeps her Bed.* — *Bid* Shaftſbury *have a care of his Spiggot; for if he is tapp'd, all the Plot will run out:* But did it not ſay, If he is ſtabb'd, that Dagger, or that Cork will keep it in. I dare ſay, ſuch Spirits do not deſire to have Plots broach'd; for they wander abroad in half Sheets of Paper, like that of the Lady *Gray*, and Madam *Fanſhaw*'s Ghoſt; and nothing can curb them, or lay them, like a Good Parliament.

LONDON, Printed in the Year, 1681.